THE MAUSOLEUM AT HAMILTON PALACE.

In the chapel of the mausoleum at the palace of the Duke of Hamilton, near Glasgow, the remains of the founder of this somewhat remarkable edifice were lately deposited. The body was enshrined in an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus, which may yet serve to confound some remotely future archæologists in their attempt to fathom the origin of the mausoleum and its incongruous and second-hand contents. No expense appears to have been spared in raising the mausoleum itself, and although doubtless the sarcophagus was a costly article, we should have preferred seeing the money expended on a more original production,—one of the present age, and a worthy specimen of British skill (stone coffins are strictly *British* no less than Egyptian), much rather than to have had the body of one of our highest nobles resting in a coffin designed for, and declaring the body to be that of, another person, of another age and country altogether, and, in fact, a female Egyptian!

"The sarcophagus," says the *Glasgow Herald*, "is one of the most beautiful and valuable which has ever been brought from the ancient land of Egypt. It consists of two ponderous pieces of imperishable basalt, most exquisitely formed and carved. The top of the upper portion or lid presents a lovely and noble female face looking upwards; and from head to foot this portion is literally covered with human figures, the figures of birds, beasts, serpents, galleys, and an endless succession of hieroglyphics, which, no doubt, *tell an interesting story*, if we had only the wit to read them. These carvings, after being simply washed, stand out as white and sharply from the dark smooth stone, as they did a week after they were executed by the most cunning workmen of the Pharoahs; and yet the hand which traced these lines and figures must have been withered ere antiquity itself began. This most exquisite relic was originally intended for the British Museum, we believe; but some difference having arisen as to its price, the late Duke acquired it some thirty years since, as a rare and precious article of vertu, which he was loth to see sent out of the kingdom. Since the commencement of the mausoleum, his Grace adopted the resolution of using the sarcophagus for his own tomb. It is situated in a recess on the floor of the chapel immediately opposite the entrance, and rests upon two majestic blocks of black marble—the under being a plain square and the upper beautifully bevelled on the front surface. The latter bears the following inscription, which had been prepared by the orders of his Grace before his demise:—

ALEXANDER
HAMILTONII, BRANDONII, ET CASTELLEROTTII,
DUX.
NAT. D. III. OCT. A. MDCCLXVII.

The plinth contains a space for the date of the Duke's demise."

The mausoleum itself is thus described:—

"It is of the purest and most dignified class of the Roman order of architecture; and although it has been fully four years in the course of construction, it is not yet entirely completed. It is situated about 300 yards from the Palace, and as it will rise to a height of about 120 feet from the ground, it already towers far above the old ancestral trees of the Hamilton policies. Indeed, it is the most prominent object in a wide, varied, and lovely landscape. The base, covering an area of 110 feet, is formed by a plinth of perpendicular rise of 7 feet, and after a further rise, made up of colossal steps, the main building ascends to a great height. It consists of a square tower, the sides of which are finely panelled, and the whole elaborately finished. The various panels are composed of single stones of immense weight and magnitude. From this square building or façade, shoots up a beautiful circular tower of 40 feet in height, and 47 in diameter, the whole surmounted by a dome which rises 15 feet above the tower. The ground story, so to speak, consists of the vaults or catacombs, in the shape of separate stone niches or recesses, which are placed all around. From the centre of the stone floor springs an immense column which serves the purpose of supporting the imposing structure above it. The front of the building is to be in connection with the vault, and it will consist of a piazza, constructed of stupendous pillars in rock work, 19 feet in height, and the whole stretching nearly 90 feet in length. These will be terminated by pedestals surmounted by colossal sleeping lions, which are at present in course of preparation by Mr. Handyside Ritchie. The remaining and principal part of the interior of the building consists of the chapel, which rises from the roof of the vault to an immense elevation. It is entirely composed of stone, and from top to bottom there are numerous niches and wreaths, the latter surmounted with carved cherubs' heads, and bearing separately eight Latin inscriptions. Over the principal recess in the chapel, in which is placed the sarcophagus of the late Duke, is sculptured the Hamilton arms. The only ray of sunshine which will reach the chapel is through a single opening in the dome, of 14 feet in diameter, which is to be filled up with a sheet of plate glass, which will be perhaps the largest casting of the kind ever made in the kingdom. The 'dim religious light,' streaming down through this single aperture, coupled with the altitude of the chapel, will impart to it a character of great dignity and solemnity. The floor will be in the highest degree ornate, being laid in mosaic, with costly jasper and the finest marbles."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

A variety of small books and pamphlets published by Mr. Tweedie, of the Strand, have been laid before us for our general approval, which we most cordially give to all such instruments in so good a cause. The leaders of the movement appear to be well aware that the songs of a nation have often more moral force, for good or evil, than its laws, and we are glad to see poetry, too long wedded to wine now quite as hilariously and as sentimentally wedded to water. It is full time the Bacchanalian were superseded by the Aquanalian in the poetry of the people. True poetry elevates the soul: drink, in all its forms, degrades it. Even that dread substitute opium does not degrade and brutalise the man as alcohol does. True, it is said to sear the soul, as it were, and render it callous, at least ultimately, and in its moral and hence its higher faculties; but we believe that "the English Opium Eater," Mr. De Quincy, is right in declaring that while opium (at an awful sacrifice, we must add, both moral and physical) tends, in small quantities, primarily to concentrate and exalt the soul, and only secondarily and by reaction to drag it down to the lowest depths of degradation and infamy, alcohol has no such primary redeeming quality, but from the first moment tends to undermine the royal seat of cool reason—to unman the resolution, to inflame, to relax, to distort and intensify the mere imagination, and finally to accomplish its dire work by plunging the reason—the virility—the manhood—the intellectual and moral eye of the soul into that abyss of confusion and of false and evil spirits whose portals it has opened. In fact, it seems to us that alcohol and opium are direct *antitheses*, instead of being akin; but note this, that as extremes meet, so both are perilously evil in their tendencies; though of two great evils it does appear to us that alcohol is by far the worst—the most directly and completely debasing, brutalising; and as such it ought to be at least classed *with* opium, under the like restrictions of sale, and not made, on the contrary, in all its phases, an immense and polluted source of Government emolument based on the degradation of the million. What would right-thinking people say were Government to foster, and benefit by, the sale of opium as of alcohol? Yet, as we have endeavoured to show, the use of alcohol is far more immediately degrading—brutalising—in its influence on the people than the use of opium would be. Even beer or porter and ale are held in a false and erroneous estimation, especially in London. Liebig declares that there is no more real nourishment than there is in a four-pound loaf, in as much stout as is ordinarily used throughout a whole year by a moderate drinker. There is much more stimulus doubtless, but that is a source of false and temporary strength, and not of real and permanent vigour.

Among the useful little publications under notice are "The Temperance Offering, consisting of Essays, Tales, and Poetry, furnished gratuitously by eminent temperance writers, edited by Mr. James Silk Buckingham, President of the League," "The Poetry of Childhood, by Goodwyn Barmby," "The Triumph of Temperance, or the Destruction of the British Upas Tree; a Poem, by J. O'Neill," "Rhymed Convictions, and Songs, Hymns, and Recitations for Social Meetings and Firesides, by Walweerg" (a Converse of Greenlaw, is it?); "The Throne of Iniquity; or Sustaining Evil by Law; a Discourse in behalf of a Law prohibiting the Traffic in intoxicating Drinks, by the Rev. A Barnes, of Philadelphia;" and lastly, *The National Temperance Chronicle*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Spencer, M.A. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. No. 15 of this last, for September 1852, contains an appeal against the use of intoxicating liquors in the New Crystal Palace, which has our sincere approval.

THE GENIUS OF TURNER.

In common with many, it was long before I could distinguish, in the works of our great artist, Turner, anything besides confusion. They appeared a *rudis indigestaque moles* of distances, forms, and colours. I laughed at the excellently correct parody upon his operations by a Turner-scorning friend, who protested that he "must have thrown all his colours in a lump on the centre of his canvas, and then sitting down upon it, turned himself round and round."

At last—what should have been at first.—on a day marked with a white line, as I stood for the twentieth time before the "Golden Bough" (at Marlborough House), I raised my hand as a tube to one eye, closing the other, the only fair mode of viewing any drawing (except scene-painting). The effect was "Turner" as I had heard of him from his devotees. Byron or Shelly might paint in words what then I saw, that Turner had daguerreotyped in colours and in shapes. I felt that the great Humboldt had not overrated the high position of the landscape painter, when coupling his aid with that of the loftiest poets in inspiring a fervid love and reverence for the "Aspects of Nature."

Having *realised* and *enjoyed*, I began to *reason*. Why had I never before seen Turner? Wherein, too, lay that marvellous truthfulness which now I saw so pre-eminently bodied forth? Wheatstone's stereoscope had just come out, and seemed to suggest the proper answer.

We see all real objects in a compound perspective—resulting from *two* points of sight. But all representations of objects on plane surfaces are drawn to *one* point of sight: from one point of sight then only should we view them. Yet how is it that I see other paintings fall into their proper arrangement whilst looking with both eyes—and can never see Turner's but with one? Because no man besides him has so exactly carried out in its intricate niceties that *monocular perspective* upon which all *drawings* must be based. He is *so* exact that only by becoming the one point of vision can you discern him. But then his result is as much before all others, as his means to it are more profound. *He* knew the full value of the Greek optical corrections, and of all artists has alone followed their scrupulous example.

James T. Knowles, Jun.

RAILWAY CARRIAGES, &c.—PURE AIR.

The new first-class carriages on the London and Dover line are singularly uncomfortable and ill-arranged,—straight-backed, narrow, and unventilated. Travelling the other day with obstinate occupants of the end-seats, who dreaded fresh air, were ignorant of physics, and would close both the windows, we found a ride of some hours in a vitiated atmosphere an infliction of no ordinary weight. These carriages have not a crevice for the admission of air unless the window be open. It is marvellous that educated people, scrupulously nice people, who would not drink out of another man's glass, or off another man's plate, will respire without a thought, over and over again, the air from another man's lungs, which they ought to know,—must know,—has been entirely destroyed by the process, and not merely made useless, but rendered positively poisonous. By this blind and dangerous course, resulting from gross and wilful ignorance, the seeds of diseases are sown which afterwards spring up, and quickly growing and growing, provide fruit for the grave-yard.

We have always innocently imagined, that

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